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Title: Letter

Author: Willem Harte  
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\*The letter seems to  
have been read many  
times and has areas  
where the ink has run  
from tears.\*

Mother, it's time for me  
to go out and make my  
own way. Isaiah's long  
since left and though I  
know how it has hurt you  
that he has sent fewer  
and fewer letters, but I  
can no longer stay here  
while my destiny lies out  
there. I've joined a group  
of skilled fighters who  
are planning to earn their  
keep escorting a group of  
miners attempting to  
gather some sort of  
special ore from Destard.  
It will be dangerous, but  
we're being led by an  
experienced guardsman  
from Skara Brae.

Virtues be with you,  
Mother.